



Canibus Lyrics

"Curmudgeon"

The empire beneath the ice
Has everything to do with your life
History is music, music is life
Oh now you tofu tough, you wanna roll in the mud
I got poisonous-blowfish guts sewn into my gloves
Float like a butterfly, fly like a dove
The spirit becomes love if it holds no grudge
Muzzle flash, close your eyes like you in a bubble bath
You say it's so sad, well tell me what's so bad?
First, you get your feet wet, then you wet your beak next
This preset accelerates into a grease of sweat
Oh, you're hungry? Of course, Fine
You're the boss, but if I cook rice pilaf
You have to turn the TV off
She left her earrings over, I was below fixing the outboard motor
I stopped what I was doing, she walked closer
Crunch time, can't take lunchtime
But that's in the bloodline
I only got one more rhyme
And I only got to do it 100 million more times
I'm almost done, I almost lost my mind
I already had my fifteen minutes
Now I'm just stretching the limits
Wit' small digit Professor Emeritus lyrics
Retired in Uruguay study linguistics and writing
I don't know how long I'll be here, my Visa's expired
Twisting up turtle for money
Delta 8 gummies taste funny
Don't you think Honey?
You wanna back rub me?
Scratchy ass voice, honey lemon make my cords moist
But when the fans want me to growl, I ain't got a choice
There's no way to opt-out, compliance comes from the top down
Before Nimrod's temple is knocked down
You talking tough, crypto game
But I ain't seeing no gains
You couldn't break me off with some of that change?
Inside the tabernacle, we grappled over the time capsule
Upsetting the balance between the synthetic and the natural
Sequence confirmed, feel the burn
I apologize in advance if this doesn't seem like a real concern
I am at a loss for words, a monkey kidney looks human
If you shave the fur, I'm ashamed to concur
The puzzle is a crossword, the word is Marlboro
The world revolve first, your faith will falter
The conqueror is a harvester, mistaken for a farmer
Kicking and screaming, you will be dragged up to the altar

But this too shall pass, only a fool will try to outlast
The same entity from the ancestors past
Ooh be careful, not enough data available
You try another password still get a error code
Are you a targeted individual? Hey you never know
But there are places in this world that you should never go
The speech pathologist carved out their tongues
Started mocking 'em, thought about stopping 'em
But it was interesting watching 'em
Mystery charms wrapped around his arms
A suicide belt bomb, underneath his garms keep calm
The deep fake con artist stacking Era Grand bearers bonds in his office
Egg and cheese croissant, no sausage
A threat is a guarantee, yet death is a little less than a promise
So we pray for the dark skin Amish
And the melanated William Wallace
Broken homes for the jobless
Fractured and broken bones for the doctors
Gentlemen, synchronize your watches
The time stops when the internet kill switch is pressed tomorrow morning
The spell ends, the hell begins, the Freedom Bell rings
A fat lady sings, farewell friends
Walk into work while black, the motherfucker jumped out his squad car
And said "Where the fuck is your job at?"
They kill me the Reboot Lord, the Reset God
Now I can see I got more than a couple defects Mom
The world is crashing, collapsing
The audience is standing, applauding and clapping
Are they for real? Or are they acting?
Ay, I know you ain't talking
Me? I'm just standing in the audience
Just trying to enjoy their performances
The fingerless puppet master creating nothing but utter disaster
Evergrand bankrupted the planet
Fighter jet stream down the Potomac river
In the land of the free
If you believe as I do, stand with me

Canibus Lyrics

"Entameta (Remix)"

(feat. DMX)

[DMX:]

You gonna do something or just stand there?
No? I didn't think so
Uh, yo
Is this on too?
That's my start, right?

[Canibus:]

This one starts over a beat loop and a hot bowl of dandelion soup
Recorded two projects, I'm 'bout to regroup
Enter the verse of the meta, Can-I-Bus forever
The rhyme predator beta test to make it better
Harmonic tremors, VR molecule, parse the data and zoom
On a Zoom call, howlin' at the moon
Metatron's cube, a tribe from Cameroon
Makes love to change the molecular matter of a spoon
The language was spoken dystopian, sung as a holy hymn
By some old moldy men soakin' in Covid phlegm
Cornmeal coated in fried okra, pathogen serum from live cobras
One hit'll roll your eyes over
Polar drip, solar pole shift, liftin' weights
On a stranded container ship, waitin' for the rain to quit
A thousand solar cycles later I'm still writing with pen and paper
The Creator recreated Jamaica, indigenous
Genetic information, beautiful natives, unusual flavors
Looked her up and down and said "Hmm, I'll take her"
This is critical survival, not in denial
Not an emotional spiral, not bein' tribal or worshippin' idols
Put on your [?] virtual reality goggles
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

[DMX:]

We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em

[Canibus:]

I woke in a jail where prisoners get key fobs
Every mornin' we feed 'em grapefruit pancakes infused with sea moss
You want white folks involved
Just threaten to vaccinate their dogs

I bet they bring this whole shit to a halt
I'm on the clock when I'm wearin' pajamas
No shirt, just boxers, can't wait to go to work with the Oculus
Cripple in fear, paralyzed there with a stare
What should you wear? It's VR, goddammit, who cares?
Emotion is stable read but now you are sleepin' in the weeds
Tossin' and turnin' like birds in a chicken feed
Quantitative, yet almost basic, gross and naked
Like all the missing heads of the statues they excavated
Damn, the Canibus Man got abs like Lenny Krav'
His hands lift heavy slabs and split heavy bags
Spongy form encephalopathy, I have to keep workin'
And deep burnin' to complete deep discernin' machine learnin'
Mixing jars, cold Shandy, lemonade and beer
Contemplate what it would take to recreate your career
What two words contain the most letters?
The answer is post office, nigga
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

[DMX:]

We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em

[Canibus:]

Detect an infection, arise an airborne transmission
And all they had to do was listen
That was completely unscripted, just havin' some fun with it
A mind erasin' event, that leave you tongue-twisted
Three weeks without food, three days without water
Three minutes without oxygen, he's a dead man talkin'
I want mandatory black beans with rice and greens
[?] acetylene turn you to a TikTok meme
Don't let me throw you out the chopper, the top of the Nakatomi Plaza
They thought they got him, I'm the only survivor
I'm the captain of this ocean liner
iPad Navionics, I don't need no autopilot
Enter the Metaverse is an online course
Where I dismount my horse and kick your corpse

[DMX:]

We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it

Now get to 'em

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo

What up? What up? What up?

Talk to 'em

DMX

Canibus Lyrics

"Hydra"

I'm from a planet
Called Xanotos Gambit
Where I used to be a champion
Now I'm just regular old Canibus
Your wrist-band says 'do not resuscitate'
OK, just lay there while I fuck your face
911 emergency facetime
Decreases the wait time
Just be polite to the police to save time
'Cause if you scream over the phone
They take your ass to the green zone
Where you gon' end up with a tube up your nose
All alone in a concrete room that's so cold
You'll be froze, with icicles hanging from your earlobes
Eskimo varmones
I'm like a polar bear getting his hair combed
Sittin' on a tropical throne
My wolves look like 64 legged spiders
With 8 headed hydras
Breathing through Cnibus breathalyzers
Brought to you by Pfizer
Goliath drop science from the shoulders of giants
People quick to despise it
And the gods are stooped to admire
The hunt continues even at night
My murder hornets are nocturnal flyers and they bite
Even in flight, we strike
10-minute warning
Zero dark, early in the morning
My life is so boring
Now I'm boarding
Stockpiling food
Still hoarding
Freeze-drying eliminates spoiling
If you can swim to the next mooring
Then I'll meet you in the morning
The lifebuoy rope is uncoiling
I saved your life, it's heart-warming
The big homie Jose
He smelled like roach spray
He used to always say
That he missed the old days
I used to laugh when he listened to the O'jays
Muy trabajo even on slow days
His brother named Soze
He fucked with the dope game
Quero comer the scorpion, that was his code name

Prepare for game day
Every Wednesday is buy propane day
The Paypal cash app apple payday
They add the virus to the cocktail then stir
They believe we are the disease and our death is their cure
Our whole life, only our first breath was pure
Through the redundant cycle of fear next to occur
They break backs to build back stronger
But it got so much harder
Folks can't tow the line any longer
Population corralled
To the point they can only move their bowels
Like some god damn bovine cows
Medical patients lay there naked
Intubated, we lay hands on ventilators
Prey for them, but still can't save them
I asked shorty why she need a rubber for her strap-on
She said to hide her new Joan smell from her last Joan
I ain't last that hard since money talks
Or seeing Chris Tucker do that fifth element walk
Silence! can never be caught
Benjamin Bulldog to the heart
Samuel Jackson from 'jumper' said
Just cause you can teleport
That don't make you God
Imma break you off
You gon' take this jab, Imma make you cough
Flatten the back of your head
With a tow truck flatbed
Grab my Phillips out the tool bag
And stab your leg
See me, I don't study how rugged you sound
I doubled down, jump to the ground, Bus double the rounds
Invite me if you want trouble around
If I can't muzzle the sound
I find an empty water bottle off the ground
My days are numbered
But so are yours you stupid motherfucker
You can't escape the spell were under
What's your style
Siberian sambo skin penetrating nano
Go Rambo on that asshole no capto
Model bitch rid my cock
While I watch Dipset Vs Lox
Then after that, we watch brlbrlbrlbrl get mocked
I got a gift
I built my own wings to achieve lift
My verses are reverse engineered Gullwing kit
Brother poetry, sullen beat
Sold 3 but didn't know it was me
The infinite rhyme, I told you it was deep
Let these truths be self-evident
Based off our morphic resonance

7 decimal points to the left again
With radiated intelligence
Helium 3 weapons kits unregistered
I sound like Jim Vexer when I spit
Robotic, johnny mnemonic
With inflammo thrombotic
Response in my solder sockets
When I'm popping and locking
Step in the mic booth
Propulsion system glowing bright blue
Described in the bible, turn into a giant Kaiju
Taking commands from space force flight crew
I was Japanese in '92
They called my tiny Timbuktu
Sky hero drones
No wires, push-button broken appliance
You didn't know your warranty was expired?
Gorilla gardening with long-forgotten techniques
Of Phoenician farming and I'm only charging
1 crypto farthing
Laughing so hard I can't stop farting
So charming its alarming
A brother tommy and Steve Harvey in the morning
They was calling
I told em I ain't donating no organs
God damn it, you better get off my phone, I'm done talking

Canibus Lyrics

"Live Action Role Play"

The moths are attracted to the lumens
The same way the humans are attracted to a revolution
Face front you deep fake cunt
You better give 'em what they want
You put 'em in a pressure cooker for months
Pun intended, surprise
Lowes Hardware is low on supplies
But most guys won't realize
Until McDonald's is low on fries
Just came back from outside
As I was jogging I was reading the signs
Lies, murder and more lies
My eyes cried turpentine
I taste human fertilizer in the wine
I knew a guy, use to work for the mob
Had to get out and dodge
Henry Hill called him Gulag Bob
He said these histamine sneezers, respiratory wheezers
False Jesus wearing Yeezy sneakers
They some crazy old geezers
They decide to genocide, the when and the why
Like Biggie's first album just get ready to die
The haves decide, the have nots gotta go along for the ride
This is for those who have ears and eyes
The wise, 'Ooh la la la la'
That's the sound of electric bikes doing drive-bys
Big face like Little Richard
Hitting high notes with his lips twisted
Lipstick the same color as chitlins
I'll take all your residual gains
Liquify your criminal brains
And pour 'em down municipal drains
We are the initiates of the flame
Wit' strange nicknames
They came out of this world from Maine to Brisbane
And from this day forward
You are welcome to make a quick claim on this recording
Meanwhile, I keep it in storage
Got deported, escorted off the planet by the solar warden
Who kept rolling up my sleeve but I didn't want it
Anxiously looking through the looking glass keyhole
From inside the placebo
Let me tell you what we know
Welcome to Amerizuela
The beast mark on your genitalia
That's the one thing they never tell ya
You're broke walking barefoot in the snow

With a pumpernickel half loaf
Wearing half a coat
If you choose to accept this mission
You gone end up dead, nigga
Either that or spend life in prison
They look, they don't even know what they looking at
They live, they don't even know what hood they at
See that book? Pick it up
Nah, put it back
I don't think ill ever be good enough for that
The release of the binary mutagen
Created melanated supermen
This is how the future begins
Aliens with humans for pets
Yes this is truly intense
A B-movie wit' the spookiest suspense
Confusing in every way you can think
Just follow the program command strings
Let me do my thing
The ripper renewed his charter
His music was smarter
Life sucks but afterlife will be beautiful karma
His head was examined
His astral body left the planet
He came back to help science understand it
The new world recruits
Drink the Jim Jones juice
Take a jab to the glutes
And now their ears are ringing
To the sound of a gargoyle playing the flute
Hot lava plumes break the seven continents loose
Satellite phones, Magna tight stones
Skeletons with bleached white bones
Hanging from abandoned homes
Drones over green zone camps
Scan the forehead barcode stamps
Only the inoculated can hold hands
Fall asleep to Tik Tok on the 'Gram
Woke up in a trance
Electroshock wristwatch
To self medicate they press the button on the clasp
So their muscles won't cramp
In a cave under a kerosene oil lamp
"My internet's down
It came back up but now there's no sound"
Bill Paxton in the background screaming

"What the fuck are we gonna do now?
Oh that's fucking great now, man
Why you cocksuckers are out here grab assing
We're gonna get slaughtered, man
Those things are gonna mutate half a dozen times in a month, man
Then we're gonna be playing leapfrog with unicorns for real

Why don't you just put her in freaking charge, man
'Cause those things are gonna come in here
And they're gonna wipe us out, man
And it's not a goddamned thing we can do about it
'Cause we can't get out of here, man
It's a fucking nightmare
It's a live-action roleplay
And those things are gonna come in here
And their gonna take our souls away..."

Canibus Lyrics

"Travis Scott Concert"

(feat. Born Sun & Body Bag Ben)

[Canibus:]

I'ma iron your clothes
Wit' your body still in 'em
While the background sound
Like a lobby full of women
He sold me a lemon?
I kill 'em
But bring 'em back to me first
So I can strip 'em, and close fist 'em
Then hang 'em up wit' his toes missin'
Nigga shoulda listened
That stupid ass video you sent 'em
I'ma talk about that in a second
But right now, I'ma tell you
That there will be no intervention
Words that rhyme in a sentence
Are my invention
And please let's not even mention timing
When I'm riding a rhythm
God willing, bodybag beta test
I had sex your wit' your Ex, wearing a Avirex
Came on her neck
Mutant X lubricant
I undress the cuckoos breasts
Take it all the way down to 2%
Don't let the Mandalorian
Have to wind the window down on the Delorian
Do that, he coming for all of them

[Born Sun:]

Yo, this a open invitation
Born Sun waitin'
Facemask conversation
Bash his face in
Rata-tat ratchet
Static, never panic
Goons from Nibiru
Scrapping, grappling wooly mammoths
Bad mama jama
DC 'Bama with the hammer
Never showing teeth for the camera
Stamina laminating
CD's in Atlanta
Standing at 5 points
Channelin' the channeler
Supreme chancellor

Two-legged Tarantula
Crankshaft crank it up
Tote a whole camper
Born Sun'll body you
Wit' ballroom banter
He said if I got cash
I can bang the banker
I'm looking in her eyes
Trying to find a way to thank her
Here's a handkerchief
For your vaginal anger
Cycle pharmacology
Technology and my Wallabees
Ain't nobody even got deets'
Screaming against Socrates
Standing next to chickenhead pottery
'Cause the squares got on top of me
Next year is don release
Everybody getting a lobotomy
I called it balderdash biology
Travis Scott concert
Unbody spirits in the mosh pit
Hold the crowd spiritually hostage
What wha-wha-what 1, 2, 1, 2
2022 more Born Sun for you

[Bodybag Ben:]

Look, this perseverance, huh
Midnight toasters on your grave, son
Lifting spirits
You caught the Holy Ghost like Joseph Simmons
But shit be like that when you illin'
Blood on his shelltoes
Can't play the villain
Pay the piper, now its lemon peppers
Shift the land like a shepherd
Bear the fruit
Taste the nectar, huh
His arm hanging off the stretcher
Rung his bell now he laid up like Denzel
In the Bone Collector
Hellish premonitions when the rent past due
Wave mags to
Run jewels in the Air Max 2
He got the deuce deuce tucked in the bubble goose, ha
Word, now he got the mac in the knapsack
Child, all he do is party and bullshit
Ain't no life after death when the drum rip
It's unbelievable, he ain't ready to die
Nah, I ain't think so
It's either friend or foe
Without warning to kicking in the door
Ha, wolves at the door yo, that's for certain

44 on his frame like George Gervin
Now his bodies squirting
Behind the curtain, see the evil lurkin'
Rock homes that's full of Durban
Leave homes in ya turban, Body

Canibus Lyrics

"Animal Husbandry"

I crawled out the swamp
It sound like silliness
'Til I grab you and take you back under
Like I'm amphibious
Read this, they built several specialized clinics
Just for my lyrics
And I don't even wanna go near it
I get scared
I don't even debate in my head
They said you're already dead
Just take your meds
Whether you're lab born
Or you came out of a womb
If you alive, there ain't no way
You can't feel what I'm doing
And until you get into it
We gon' all suffer in mutual ruin
Cause I don't think you understand my music
My Godzilla four winds
Is like four spinning dorsal fins
The water blow the glass out of your lens
Here's some hot water and vinegar
Go over there and clean up all of them sinners
Don't come back until you're finished
Sonic weapons for war time
Close source measures from North-com
Animal husbandry takes all my time
Therefore, not much I care for
Besides certified, referenced material of well prepared bars
Listen, I don't want no trouble
But if I have to polish my own belt buckle
I'ma give you these knuckles
Smartphones and homes that talk
Non fungible art
Let's step outside of the bungalow for a walk
If you look at the tall reeds
They're beautiful as you can see
But they will not survive the category 5 wind speeds
Liquid cooled, home schooled
Compound finance rules
Anything's better than a Tyvek suit
Jet propulsion, under the props
Oh my god, weapons going hot
Tail smoking like steam from a pot
I under stand you don't really know what I mean a lot
You're shocked to hear me say
"Come over here and clean my cock"

You are a P.O.W, half of you are gullible fools
The other half of you are running from the rules
And my rap song
Thoughts no man is prepared to act on
You better call Allahu AkBar
Rap star, riding in the back of the car
With a bodyguard, air support
And a tiny attack dog
Multiple antigens approach
Canibus, cross reaction analysis
Niggas get smoked
Dark power is drawn from a waving wand
Your poetry's strong, but it cannot save the savant
Listen to the god, that shit hard
Demolition or dawn
From one million bars put on one song
Man, you got King Kong balls
Whatever side you wanna sit on
Just go over there and get yours
You still want that gourmet?
You need to come holla at Jorge
He bet the whole house on a horse race
Hallelujah, bodies float down the Chattanooga
'Cause the charter boat had shooters
Glad I took a Uber
The reason I talk trash
Cause life goes by so fast
And death is like a fast moving life raft
Look into the eyes
Of the cytokine calm storm spinning clockwise
Towards where you are
Hard war cleaver, part metaverse amoeba
Please fill out your electronic verification by email
Populate each field with appropriate details
I'll take care of everything else
And just raise your hand if you need help
Start my day with the Das EFX
Grab my bumstickitty-blood clot vest
Then go outside and catch wreck
Touch the stage
Survive a place
My hips gyrate
When I feel that burn
It put a smile on my face
Microphone fiends focus
To smell the metabolic acidosis
Coming from the rose garden cultures
Command and control
Then transmit from both poles
That's just one of my campaign goals
If your'e not busy swing by
Soft music, dim lights
Real nice, kind of got that I Ching vibe

Nowadays you got to live right
Try not to be out past midnight
That's probably the only thing I did write
BMG merchants very adverse with smart contract purchase
They handle more pressure than combat nurses
How many beats? How many verses?
It depends how many people are working
I don't know why Americas so expensive

Canibus Lyrics

"Covid Santa"

The scenery starts off with a slow pan from a drone cam
And a drone operator with cold hands
A Body Bag Ben beat bumps, a chime from a grandfather clock
Made of pinewood with walnut studs
A pearly red unfinished sleigh bed of carbon fiber
One can only guess to fly higher and faster from being lighter
Pieces of liquor bottle shards crunched atop squeaky floorboards
Screens on walls flashing off and on, Weather Report
Killington Vermont, Whistler, Snow King Resort
Black Diamond conditions travel restricted and closed off
A shipment of hummingbird broth was lost
Because it couldn't get across
Mrs. Claus had a psychotic blow off
And that's why we were called, but now that we are here
We are seeing things are much more deeper than we thought
The whole compound was a pigsty, black mold in the carpet
Mouldy half-eaten cookies, milk rotting in cartons
The elves moved all the factory equipment out of the way
Twice a week they throw raves, Nora En Pure deejays
Mrs. Claus doesn't know what to do, she just stays
In her room, they say she has a Fentanyl problem too
OK, Mrs. Claus is the spouse, for now we can rule her out
But we need to find the man of the house
They say he's in bad shape, just look at the landscape
I don't care if it's man-made or not, it's a damn shame
Mrs. Claus stopped payment
The Goods Department ran out of patience
The elves are working for terrorist organizations
Rudolf's nose is sick, he can't walk for shit
He's certified fit for service but he's got bone cyst
Dancer and Prancer have capped hocks in fluid blocks
We're wondering what Santa's gonna do when the music stops
In our first conversation we asked Mrs. Claus
About her GPS ankle bracelet, she remained complacent
We asked Mrs. Claus, "Can you please take us to Santa?"
She looked over at one of the elves, wouldn't give us an answer
Now this elf was whistling Amazing Grace and didn't say much
Looked like he had a pistol tucked, straight thug
He said he was a playa in the global human settlement layer
And he accepted revenue from Lord Maitreya
Another elf said, "We'll take you to Santa
But we need your passport, phone, radio, and your helmet camera"
I complied, gave him all four without blinking an eye
They opened the door and took me outside
We walked downrange to a Buckminster Fuller building type frame
With a door that had a cryptonite chain
I almost couldn't believe, I heard the whirling sound

Of a machine you would use to help somebody breathe
At first, I see bare feet, the EKG beep
I move closer, then I see rosacea in both cheeks
I see tubes carrying red blood out of two man boobs
To a machine, then back into a hand turned blue
I was so confused, I turned around to the elves
And said, "What in Satan's name have you done to yourselves?"
One of the elves stepped forward
He said, "This is hard to ignore, but I owe you an explanation
I'm not a doctor, but I'm not an impostor
I'm a medical proctor, and I don't think he's got much longer
You see, lactic acid is green, uric acid is orange
Sulfuric acid is yellow but Santa's is much darker
His citric acid is clear, I know that I'm a fast talker
But he's gonna die without the proper anatomic markers
'Cause his interstitial fluids have been mixing with unknown
Biopollutants turning him into some kind of mutant"
In other words, technically Santa's entire genomic integrity's
In great jeopardy's what he said to me
And he's been treated for the latest strain, he's positive
Non-homologous, we contacted Dr. Oculus
Our last communicae' placed him in two hours away
But I should warn you if he's not here, we have to operate
"Operate how? Here? Sure, there's wrecked shit everywhere
This is a fucking sanitary nightmare!
Good idea, glad you're in charge, you're doing a great job
Look at him! Don't you think Santa looks a bit gone?"
Antibody dependent enhancement, what are Santa's chances?
Don't they make an ?ulcerated? cream for cancer?
You little shit, you be using my phone to look at dick pics
When I was your age, I used to work at the Big Dig
Fluorescent, illuminated X-rays, polyethylene death sprays
From a nuclear submarine's wet bay (Yay!)
You are pathogenically primed for prime time
The meter says 9, 9, 9, 9
And now Christmas is fucked, I hope you're satisfied
What you gon' do now Santa done died?

Canibus Lyrics

"Kaiju Karaoke"

Moses was a black man
With red hair like saffron
I heard you the first time
I chose not to respond
Prophecy is fulfilled
When Enki and Enlil are killed
And Lil Nas' X face is on the dollar bill
How you like that for a metaverse thrill?
Still ill, and I don't even need record deal
But real, you know my name, son don't chill
And now the whole world got a license to ill
When they shut down the grid
We gon' be outside doing a bid
Institutionalized, right where we live
Apologetically thank you
Put noose around neck and hang you
While two yankee doodle dudes shank you
Biologically scan you for your own safety, then ban you
'Til your own people abandon you
Now you standing outside the dollar store
For a fifty-cent whore
Bout to go on a 25 cent tour
You let that whore sit on your face?
She taste like sodium borate
And by the way, that stuff taste great!
Disclaimer; don't you try that at home and then blame us
I ain't famous and they still say my name too much
Yet on the other side of the veil
Every single comparison will fail
Cause every multiple rhyme is a spell
My poems are known unknown knowns, but it's hard to know
How much knowledge can grow from one node
In the vaccination drive-thru I sat in the seat behind you
I shoulda sat in the seat beside you
Quiescent, still present even if I go back to the essence
There's no way I forget what I remember
Sniper specific relax, hold breath, squeeze trigger
Wait for confirmation, get up, get out of there nigga
Canibus rhymes are not immediately obvious
They're supposed to be positive
So he ain't really accomplishing shit
My name is the ripper and I beg to differ
I know men who are bled from the liver
And labeled gorillas, breadwinners
Robert De Bruce, De La Soul, Posdnous
Yeah, I know it sounds like something I got from Dr. Seuss
Lyrics retooled, recommissioned and outfitted for hip hop use

You talk that shit? I talk that shit, too
Malaiky [?]
Youtube all the time
I'ma get it to help me build my shrine
Gunmetal colored, rip magnum rubbers
Tear that ass up, I ain't gotta brag or nothin'
I gotta a happy hips, yoga bitch, zombie killer tovarich
Big titty, Tesla model, S motorist
That shit will ambush your base camp
Beat you with the propane tanks
Then set fire to your cocaine plant
Hunger Games rescue package
Daisy state the mechanic in action, gun rap pull-ups
Bull Pups blast em
Cut slash and smash, laugh, tater tots and hash
I spray hair spray on your ass and pass
Cause you can't afford the seizium, or the magnesium
Everybody know that's a million-dollar premium
Their inability to reason is the reason they're not breathing
And that's what we focusing on this evening
The return of the king
With a maverick three probe on a string
And that's how he gon' know everything
He was there when global fear
Became self-aware
If you scared, bow your heads and join me in prayer
Insurrection, act and tact
You living in a trap
If you do this and don't do that
You just get whacked
Self-inflicted cyber-attack
Crypto card sitting on your lap
The gas life in tea made him take a crap
Fuck that, feathered blowdart to the back
You collapse, thermite cutting charge
Carved into the small of your back
Robotically controlled sequencing units for knocking on doors
To make sure you're home and you haven't run off
A hundred thousand Queenzflip clones
All in your borough alone
Welcome to the terror dome
Protest in silence, rhymes wait
Do not fly it
So what? I like pirates much better than pilots
I'm a giant, Ireland is my island
I'm full of surprises
So get the fuck out the way while I drive it
Life is all for 'naught
If you cannot offer your own thoughts
You will be sold without ever being bought

Canibus Lyrics

"The Long Road"

I don't deserve this...
To die like this...
I'll see you in hell... yeah

Yeah

Me and you gon' take a ride
Out to the countryside
All we got is a full tank
And some rusty knives
I'ma pull up at a disguise
Kind of close to those guys
That's looking around
And were just gonna slowly drive by
There's a duffel in the back
Whatever you do, don't lose that
And if you do lose it, don't come back
Is chaos to your liking?
Do you find revelations exciting?
Tell me that's not why your smiling?
Alexa, can you tell Siri to explain
To Billy The Barnes hoppers theory
While I adjust the mirror
So I can ask myself
"Do I still look like a nigga? Well do I?"
Hybrid probes, surveillance for surviving
It's nodes test survival mode
Battle rapping on the side of the road
May I pose to share
Your wood burning stove in the cold
See I am old and cannot muster
The strength from my phone
The island of Dr. Monroe
Is not a place you would like to go
But I can take you there after the show
Yo, the pain oil Sombras in my brain
Can't remember my name
I shit the bed, then ran out of depends
Yo, I'm a mess
Oh lord, please show me mercy
I traded my water berkey for a slice of turkey
The rhymes. the patterns and interactions
Between these two passions
Have given me the freedom that I'm after
There's only very little I can say to you now
100,000 bars or more could probably take me awhile
You will soon find death
On a dry river bed in Tibet

I keep that out back in my shed
Stay out of trouble, but live a little
Go piss off the side of your vessel
To go back to fixing the whistle on your kettle
Something they don't teach
The algae will eat away at the bare feet
Then walk on Pebblestone beach
The voice of my muse
Asked me when we could meet
I was confused when my muse
Leaned forward and kissed my cheek
My writers block was released
Pussy was so sweet
My pen stood up by itself
And started to write like a beast
Sorcery, every molecule in my body talks to me
On this long road my muse walks with me
Aluminum thirtied pin, extraordinarily thin
Nicely snug subcutaneously under the skin
I always lose but I'd love to win
Maybe this time this is it
Nothing to do with that rhyme wizard shit
This is about my muse
I myself have nothing to prove
Hip hop is a tool that I use
I talked to Jay Z, I met with Lyor
I pretty much done it all
I couldn't agree more
The continuity of thugged shit
Straight up sucker shit
That ain't gon' last long
In this New World government
Diplomacy is everything
Speak with integrity
Know who you in the room with
Be quiet for clarity
If you ever embarrass me
There can be no parody
I'll punch you in your appleseed
And run when you come after me
My muse is so classy
She take me down to the haberdashery
After morning tea time with the family
Notty dread
I'ma beat you wit a had or a bread an not a ed
Any pussy who a test me, dead

Canibus Lyrics

"Verzuz"

BodyBag Ben and M-Eighty Verzuz the world

Rakim Allah the God Vz Snoop

Kurupt Vz Jeru and Afu

Cardi B Vz MC Lyte

The Neptunes Vz Onyx in the Tunnel

On a Sunday night

Tory Lanez Vz Kendrick Lamar at the Sharp Bar

Big Punisher Vz G Rap in a smart car

Busta Rhymes Vz Leaders of the New

Every member of the group

Swizz Beatz Vz Timbaland and Magoo

Doja Cat Vz The Lady of Rage

2Pac Vz Cage

Eminem Vz T-Pain and 2 Chains

Nastradamus Vz the Bdi MC

The whole Bootcamp Vz BDP

Jay Z Vz KRS-One (We're not done)

Childish Gambino and Chino Vz King Sun

Black Thought Vz Smooth Da Hustler

Scarface Vz Busta

Brother Ali Vz Steph Lova

Tribe Called Quest Vz Slick and Doug Fresh

Young Money Drake Vz Lord Finesse

Red and Meth Vz Ghost and Chef

Sauce Money Vz 38 Spesh

Chi Ali Vz Dres

Ice T Vz X-Clan

Al B Sure Vz MC Shan

DC Vz Cool Disco Dan

Born Sun Vz Jay Elec

Scratch Vz Terminator X

This'll be the dopest urban event

Roc Marci Vz Cee-Lo

Fat Joe Vz Camp Lo

Ab Soul Vz UTFO

Smoothe Da Hustler Vz Black Thought

Remember Jack the Rapper '94?

Del Vz DMX, my dog

Monie Love Vz Questlove on a stretch rug

Wit Pudgee the Fat Bastard, thats messed up

Lauryn Hill Vz Bushwick Bill

D12 Vz ODB and Supreme Clientele

Action Bronson Vz his father, that's the Number One Chief Rocka

Boss Rick Ross Vz Big Poppa

Moe Dee Vz cold Cheeks over Easy Moe Bee

The whole Duck Down Vz MOP

Griselda Vz Cash Money
 Shabazz the Disciple Vz Bad Bunny
 Everlast Vz Vinnie Paz in a skully
 Post Malone Vz Noreaga and Capone
 Tone Loc Vz Gravediggaz while they cremate bones
 Mike Jones Vz Mic Geronimo Vz Jim Jones Vz Sacario
 At Red Rock, Colorado with Supa Mario
 Drink Champs, give me space
 Drake Vz Masta Ace Vz Mase Vz Charli Baltimore, pretty face
 Freddie Foxx still got them burn marks on his waist
 I bet you Nore' won't blow no smoke in his face
 Uptown Puff Vz McGruff
 Rah Digga Vz Lady Luck
 A+ Vz Lady Bug
 Anthony Hamilton's band Vz the Elephant Man
 And LA the Darkman at Hot 97s Summer Jam
 Lil Flip Vz Will Smith
 Ying Yang Twinz Vz Big Gip
 World greatest pimp Too Short Vz Tip
 K Solo the fugitive Vz The Pugilist Vz Jadakiss Vz This Is The Most Beautifullest Thing In This World
 Cassidy Vz Chubb Rock
 Outside a bloodclot, truck stop
 A\$ap Rocky Vz Aesop Rock
 Jurassic 5 Vz The Fantastic 4 Vz The Treacherous Three Vz Audio Two on BET
 Cali Casino F-L-I-P Vz Free
 In a [?] virtual metaverse dream
 D. Dot the Madd Rapper, Ron Lawrence, Hitmen, Stevie J and Trackmasters Vz BodyBag Ben
 AZ Vz Eightball, MJG
 Willie D Vz DJ Quik and Tray Deee
 Rashid Vz Shock G
 Me Vz Club 1, 2 and 3
 Coolio Vz Young MC
 Greg Nice and Smoothe B Vz Pete Rock and CL Smooth
 Guru Vz Grand Daddy IU
 Nicki Minaj Vz T Boz in some old school Filas
 Plies Vz Outkast and Goodie Mob
 Charlemagne the God Vz Star
 Angela Yee Vz Agallah
 Wendy Williams Vz La La
 Silkk the Shocker Vz the Funk Doctor
 Waka Flocka, Mystikal Vz Murs and Math Hoffa
 Cam'Ron Vz Cambatta, in the middle of Harlem
 The Dogg Pound Vz D Block in Yonkers
 K Rino Vz Jo Jo Pelegrino
 Rampage Vz Migos
 Kriss Kross Vz Illegal
 Dre and Snoop Vz The Rapping Duke
 Just Ice Vz Papoose
 Techn9ne Vz Hopsin
 Redman Vz Blue
 Father MC in a three piece suit Vz Sheek Louch
 Undercard Saigon Vz MC Juice
 Supernatural Vz the whole Juice Crew

Craig G sitting by the dock of the bay, in a booth Vz the Coup
Major Figgaz Vz Mook
Freddie Gibbs Vz Luke
Loaded Lux Vz RTJ produced by Stoupe
Juicy J Vz Kwame
Ludacris Vz Wale
LL Cool J Vz Dr Dre
Pak Man Vz Timbo King
All kneel, kiss the ring
In the ring, while Ashanti sings
Chuck D Vz WC
Zack from Rage of the Machine Vz RA the Rugged Man overseas
Showbiz and AG, Big L and OC Vz Diamond D
Ain't they all DITC?
Roxanne Shante Vz Rappin' 4 Tay
Mac Dre and Blahzay Vz Pos' K
Kool G Rap Vz Twista from Chiraq
He gon' snap wish I could NFT something like that
Pras the Ghetto Superstar Vz Gangstarr
At the [?] Bar
Escobar Vz Bizarre
Tragedy Khadafi Vz Lil Yachty
While Busy Bee, Kool Rock Ski steady rock the party
Royce Da 5 Vz the Furious Five
Tonight at the Apollo, if you go, I go
Fabolous Vz Channel Live
Bahamadia Vz Wise from Poor Righteous Teachers
KXNG Crooked I Vz Flo Rida and Wiz Khalifa
Wyclef Vz Beanie Sigel
At the Bellagio casino, whoever win gotta Vz Benzino
Organized Konfusion Vz Run DMC
To me, that's real E-M-C-E-E
Tyler, The Creator Vz Ali Vega'
3rd Bass with a Gas Face Vz Lupe with a Laser
Bush Babees Vz Lee Majors
Chill Rob G Vz Rob Base
Me Vz Megan The Stallion, naked!
Cypress Hill Vz Naughty By Nature
In a urban situation
NWA vs Jah Vega
Agallah the Assassin Vz Nick Cannon
David Banner in Atlanta Vz Juelz Santana
Spinderella Vz Salt N Pepa
Mikey D Vz Large Professor
Remy Ma Vz Armageddon
Groovy Lew Vz Mickey Benson
That ain't even nothing to mention
Canibus, you just trying to get attention
Grand Pu' Vz Brand Nu'
Ja Rule, Cadillac Tah and Black, too [?]
Q Tip Vz Ice Cube
20 million views
50 Vz Wu Tang Power, he make power moves

Large Professor Vz Nature and Mega
Queenzflip hug too aggressive
Nigga be standing outside your session
Crucial Conflict Vz Children of the Corn
Smoking Hay in the barn, with J Cole from Fayette-nam
Jeymes Samuel Vz Mr Magnanimous
Canibus writes the song, with no camera tricks
Hush Killa Vz Dilla Vz Beast G Unit gorillas
Yayo and Banks Vz Master Builders
DJ Muggs Vz Young Thug
Da Youngstas Vz Da Youngbloodz
Vz the homie from the Cella Dwellas, uhhh
Rashad Jamal Vz Osiris and Von
Willie Dynamite called Maintain Vz Higher Ark
Bryan Meyers Vz Anuel
Denzel Vz Samuel
Chris Rock Vz Dave Chappelle
Sade Vz Patti Labelle
Prince Vz Micha-El
The post office Vz email
Heaven Vz hell
Canibus, like Kaiju, told you I rarely fail
Now I'ma go outside and burn me an L

Canibus Lyrics

"Chase"

(feat. MF DOOM, Kool Keith & Justin Tyme)

On the move!
It's been a long time coming
Can-I-Bus and MF DOOM
They been waiting for this
Yeah, chase coming soon
On the move!

MF DOOM my cellmate, two-tone stealth paint
Wait for the Philadelphia freedom bell, the jailbreak
Chase? Nah, I overtake, you tailgate
How does carbon monoxide tastes, snail face?
They move at a snail's pace and get drowned by the Maelstrom weight
Crustaceans and deep water ocean plates
The great permeated purge, Serbian, no Siberian skirts
Two seconds before the die-off occurred (On the move!)
I was singing in a quiet church, through fast radio bursts
Helium stars, webcam search
A free spirit was the dead man first, tell me how does that work?
MF DOOM explain it to you next verse
Four footprints hydraulic, as for pilots
How about it? Royal purple dispersal for high mileage
Steam vapors from radiation create perpetual rain
In a hydroplane and don't ever chase them (On the move!)

Batman and Robin head bobbing, no Joker, Penguin
You see him freezing up like Mr. Freeze
Catwoman on the mind, the Batmobile design, Alfred the butler
Dynamic duo hustlers, burn rubber
Gotham City, I'm spinning in the gutter
Left the Batcave full of computers, the Mad Hatter the realest
See my bars red like Twizzlers
I'm so hot like Hot Wheels color shifters
Diagonal over Gotham City looking pretty (On the move!)
The Caped Crusader continues through the stages like a player
Pullin' up on the Joker while he playing poker
King Tut hoppin' out the Range Rover with brolic shoulders
Green Hornet and Kato see the Lamborghini doors open
Same rims on the BM as the Lotus
Dark blocks and they pop like Pop Rocks
Your girl on the cock, she jock a lot
The next episode reload (On the move!)

New evidence compels to reopen the murder case (Come on)
A witness emerged and snitched a certain name (Word?)
Description appeared somewhat like Churchill's weight (Haha)
A heavy man dressed grungy like Kurt Cobain (Haha)

A purple face can be seen on CCTV (Uh-oh)
Assisted precisely like CP3 Chris
Paul with blood on the claw so evidently
Be careful, this man knows his business, at ease (On the move!)
For sure, his motive was bad bad, not good
Rumors are out, a badass from the hood (Haha)
Still looking for him but they having no clue
Well, don't mess with assassins, you fools (Haha)

Cock the swammy back, don't hesitate, react
Believe that, they defecate where they eat at
More repulsive than the Boar's Head logo
The trees had 'em seein' impulses in slow-mo, woah (On the move!)
A whole lot of funk, a whole lot of drunk
Who knows? Coulda did a line or bump with Donald Trump
He hear voices in his head, he gotta jump
Not now, too much lactose, gotta dump
A wise owl, growl with a mean scowl
A stand-up dude even when he seem foul
Meanwhile, the world keeps on spinnin'
It seems the forces of evil keep on winnin' (On the move!)
Change of plans, now take that off your hands
Retreat back to the cave with your mans
Super Vill', salute Milk D, top bill
Top-notch, you chop meat, we chop krill
In the midst of trappin' and gun clappin'
DOOM twenty-five years in, son's slappin'
Wrote the key to life down on some napkin
You can't find it, whoever do is like-minded

On the move!

On the move!

Canibus Lyrics

"Desperados Pt 2"

(feat. Hus KingPin)

[Canibus:]

The pressure I'm under could wake a vampire from slumber
The undead hunter, coagulated blood guzzler
The Rogue War Horse in inclement weather
Sucking sour milk from a cow udder... that kinda pressure
Muffle your pain with a muzzle, make it sound better
Then try to breathe through a mask stuffed with down feathers
The Crown Ripper, the time-tested Sound Wizard
I stand at the foot of the fountain of wisdom, listen
Just let these light orbs glisten through your speaker system
We could go wherever you wanna visit
Using my world-renowned vision, the BLK Kissinger from Kemet
Now how you wan' do this, nigga! Y'all hear that? Crickets...
I'm made outta bars and biometrics, Jigsaw leave your spine severed
Horus Rise! Meteorites streak across skies
You in a Drive-thru ordering fries, "Drago" - if he dies... he dies
With huskified eyes - as the temperature drops below ice
Finger tips put out candle wicks, my fast muscles twitch
So lit I might try to arm wrestle you for your bitch

[Hus KingPin:]

And for the castle that we sit on at the royal palaces
It's a capsule with the riddles and my lonely addict
I hope I could see you, your servitude elects your static
It's impossible, I ornament niggas with automatics
I'm Callisto, how it feel to rule
Like back in high school, was it molecules or if molly was cool
I used to cut class and smoke hash, fuck ash
Put the drugs in the ass if the badge come harrass
I'm free, and gave you niggas some space to speak
[?] all this kingdom and throne belong to me
I bloom under April's moon, that's a reason to dream
Backstroke a season of seas
I suffocate your rain, you fell to my gravity
I undertake the game, now my niggas run the league
Show your humble face and shame, my nigga, uncomfortably
Do what we ought to, Desperados Pt. 2
What